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SECRET AGENTS.. SPIES
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SOVIET SPIES
LONDON FOG
V.S.
DUKE DOUGLAS
U.S. SECRET AGENT
"INTRIGUE"





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1.00 ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny!

MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 197,

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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RANSOM IN OIL

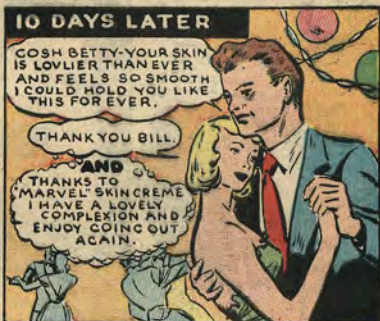


A DUKE DOUGLAS STORY OF INTRIGUE AND DANGER!

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAD SELECTED ME OF ALL PEOPLE TO SECURE CERTAIN ARABIAN OIL RIGHTS FOR AMERICAN INTERESTS. BUSINESS NEGOTIATIONS WERE NOT MY STRONG POINT, SO EVEN THOUGH I HAD TRACKED DOWN SHEIK HAROUN-EL-KHALI AT THE END OF TEN THOUSAND MILES, HE WAS STILL TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

WHAT KIND OF SALES JARGON WILL GET ME WHAT I WANT? CERTAINLY I CAN'T JUST BARGE IN AND SAY, 'HI, SHEIK! LET'S SIGN AN OIL CONTRACT!'





MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If "MARVEL" SKIN CREME doesn't improve your complexion as it has for others, and if you are not delighted with the results, return the jar to Marvel Drug Co., Box 302A, Toronto, Ontario, and your money will be refunded at once.



**SIMPLE DIRECTIONS!
AMAZING RESULTS!**

AVOID FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT!

"MARVEL" SKIN CREME will help rid your complexion of PIMPLES, FRECKLES and other blemishes that spoil you from having normal delightful skin.

For Quick Results Mail Coupon To-day!

**MARVEL DRUG COMPANY
ROOM 2106
500 5th AVE
NEW YORK 36, N.Y.**

Enclosed please find \$1.00 (cash, money order, or postal note). Send me at once your famous "MARVEL" SKIN CREME, post paid.

☐ If C.O.D., postage will be extra.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

MY PURSE HE COULD HAVE, AND WELCOME, BUT MY STEALTH NO! YET, I SHALL NOT CALL THE POLICE WHEN HE HAS RECOVERED HIS SENSES, I WILL GIVE HIM SOME MONEY, EH, MY JEWEL, NE JA?

BY THE TIME I HAD HAULED THE ARMS TO HIS FEET, THE POLICE ALREADY HAD ARRIVED. SHEIK HAROUN-EL-KHALI WAVED THEM AWAY, AND TURNED TO ME:

YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE! THUS, MY LIFE IS YOURS! HAROUN-EL-KHALI HAS SPOKEN!

HMMMM!

HUMANA!

I AM DUKE DOUGLAS, AMERICAN MOST HIGH SHEIK. I HAVE COME TEN THOUSAND MILES TO SPEAK WITH YOU...

THEN YOU SHALL COME TO MY HOTEL, WHERE WE CAN TALK PRIVATELY OVER A CUP OF WINE.

I'M PROUD THAT A FELLOW AMERICAN
COULD HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO YOU,
SHEIK HAROUN-EL-KHALI. I SAW IT
ALL. I AM FRITZ FALLON REPRESENT-
ING THE GREAT AMERICAN OIL
COMPANY!

IF YOU ARE
A FRIEND OF
MY PROTEC-
TOR, YOU SHALL
COME WITH US.

IF YOU ARE
A FRIEND OF
MY PROTEC-
TOR, YOU SHALL
COME WITH US.

FALLOU MUST HAVE SEEN HIM FROM
FOR HE WAS NO FRIEND OF MINE, I
HAD NEVER SEEN HIM IN MY LIFE...

I MUST BEG OFF HONORED
SHEIK. A PREVIOUS APPOINT-
MENT. BUT IF I COULD TRAVEL
INLAND WITH YOUR CARAVAN,
I MUST MEET FRIENDS IN
SULAILIL.

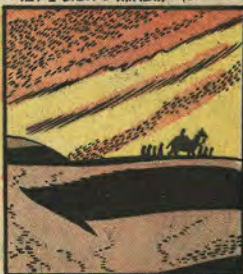
SO
BE
IT.

I WENT THAT NIGHT WITH THE
SHEIK. I WAS NOT TO KNOW UNTIL
LATER OF THE CRUEL PLAN THAT
WAS IN THE MAKING.

AL-MAHOUT, MY COUNTRY
WILL PAY MANY RUBLES
FOR YOUR SERVICES.

SPEAK
AND I
WILL
LISTEN.

HAROUN-EL-KHALI INSISTED ON MY
JOURNEYING TO THE LANDS OVER
WHICH HE HAD DOMAIN... RICH OIL
LANDS AMONG DESERT DOLS AND
WADS AND DESERT WASTES, THE
WAY WAS SLOW AND FLOODING,
YET I DIDN'T MIND...



WE WERE FOUR DAYS' JOURNEY INTO THE ARID
WASTES, WHEN FALLOU WHO HAD COME WITH US,
POINTED INTO THE DISTANCE...

LOOK THERE, AGAINST THE
HORIZON, SOMETHING SEEMS
TO BE MOVING.

ALLAH PRESERVE US! IF
THEY ARE BRIGANDS,
WE ARE LOST!



WE WERE NOT LONG IN KNOWING THE WORST...



HAROUN-EL-KHALI SHOUTED, "IT IS AL-MAHOUT, THIEF AND
MURDERER! WE MUST FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!" IT WAS A
BUSY TIME AND NO HOLDS WERE BARRED...



THEN SUDDENLY I SAW SOMETHING
THAT TURNED MY STOMACH...



I DREW A BEAD ON THE BANDIT, BUT SUDDENLY THE SKIES FELL.



IT HAD BEEN A GLANCING BLOW, BUT WHEN I CAME TO, THE BANDITS HAD GONE, ONLY THE SHEIK'S ANGRY VOICE ROSE ABOVE THE SILENCE.



DOG OF AN INFIDEL! IT IS SO YOU REPAY MY FAVOR, BY HIDING YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND, WHILE MY BEAUTIFUL NEJA IS CARRIED OFF BY AL-MAHOUT!

NO!
NO!!!
WAIT!

IT WAS BUT A RUSE, HAD ALL BEEN KILLED HERE, I ALONE, MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED TO TRACK DOWN YOUR WIFE! YOU SEE, I KNOW THE DESERT...

EH?



"EVEN NOW, FALLON SAID, I CAN RIDE WITH DOUGLAS, AND WITH LUCK WE CAN BRING HER BACK!"
"GO THEN," THE SHEIK REPLIED. "MEANWHILE, I WILL RIDE TO MY OUTPOST FOR MY MEN. IT IS NO MORE THAN A DAY'S JOURNEY."

WISH US LUCK!

ALLAN BE WITH YOU!



I BEGAN TO HOLD A NEW RESPECT FOR FALLON, BUT LATE THAT MORNING OVER THE CROWN OF A NEARBY DUNE, RODE...

AL-MAHOUT AND HIS KILLERS! WELL I'LL GO DOWN BATTLING FALLON!

I WOULDN'T TRY IT.



YOU'RE PART OF THIS GANG OF CUTTHROATS, FALLON? WHAT CAN THIS GET YOU?

MORE THAN YOU SUSPECT. DON'T TRY ANYTHING. I'D BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO KILL YOU.



I'LL STILL GO DOWN BATTLING!

AIY-Y-Y-Y! MY GLASSES! GRAB HIM! GRAB HIM!



IT WAS A GOOD FIGHT WHILE IT LASTED...

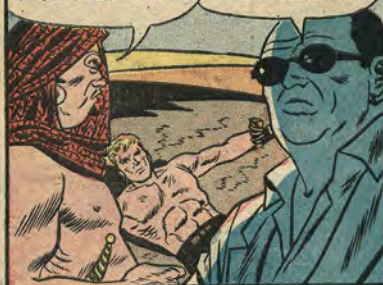


BUT IT DIDN'T LAST VERY LONG!



THIS IS A BETTER WAY TO KILL HIM... A FITTING END FOR AN INFIDEL. FOR THE SUN CAUSES A THOUSAND AGONIES BEFORE DEATH!

AND THINK OF ME, CAPITAL-IST DOG! I RETURN THE WIFE TO THE SHEIK, AND GET THE OIL PRIVILEGE FOR MY COMRADES!



IN TRUTH, FALLON, I HAVE TAKEN A FANCY TO THE BEAUTIFUL JEWEL OF THE DESERT, AND YOUR RUBLES CANNOT MEAN SO MUCH...

OH, NO YOU DON'T... MY COUNTRY WILL...



THERE WAS NO CHANCE FOR FALLON TO PROTEST MORE, THE FIERCE SWORD OF THE ARAB BANDIT SWISHED AND FALLON BECAME A HEADLESS CORPSE.



BUT IT WAS NO VICTORY FOR ME, ONLY VICTORY FOR THE ARAB, AL-MAHOUT. FOR HOURS THE SUN BEAT DOWN UPON ME, WITH PARCHED THROAT, I PRAYED FOR DEATH! DEATH WHICH WOULD NOT COME!



AND THEN IN MY TWISTING AND TURNING MY HAND STRUCK SOMETHING, AND HOPE GLOWED EVEN IF FAINTLY, ONCE AGAIN...



I PRAYED SILENTLY THAT I MIGHT ACCOMPLISH THE TASK BEFORE THE SUN SET, FOR I COULD NOT HAVE LIVED THROUGH THE NIGHT. HOURS LATER, I FELT THE HEAT OF A MAGNIFYING GLASS CENTERING THE SUN'S RAYS, SMELLED THE ODDOR OF BURNING HEMP.



I HAD LISTENED TO THE BEAT OF THE BANDITS' HORSE-HOOFES... I HAD FOLLOWED, NOT JUST BLINDLY, BUT BY A CERTAIN INSTINCT OF DIRECTION... AND AT LAST... NEAR MIDNIGHT, PERHAPS...



I MOVED SILENTLY, STRUCK SWIFTLY, BREAKING THE GUARDS NECK...



SO QUICKLY AND SILENTLY DID I WORK, THAT THE SWORD I HAD TAKEN FROM THE MURDERED GUARD WAS ALREADY IN PLAY AGAINST AL-MAHOUT BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



FORTUNATELY I WAS ABLE TO STEAL ONE OF THE SWIFT ARABIAN HORSES WHILE THE CAMP SLEPT, AND YOU CAN BELIEVE ME, I LOST NO TIME IN MAKING TRACKS ACROSS THE SANDS.



I RETURNED WITH NEJA TO THE CARAVAN, AND IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE NEXT AFTERNOON THAT HAKOUN-EL-KHALI ARRIVED WITH A DETACHMENT OF HIS FIGHTING MEN. ONE LOOK AT THEM TOLD ME THE REST OF AL-MAHOUT'S BAND WOULD SOON BE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS. BUT MOST IMPORTANT, I KNEW THE SHEIK'S OIL LANDS WOULD BE LEASED ONLY TO AMERICANS. FOR NO SALES BLARNEY OF MINE OR ANYONE ELSE'S COULD EQUAL HIS BEING REUNITED WITH HIS BELOVED NEJA.



THE END

RACKET MAN



He was not a brilliant thief, but he had taken his cue from a similar instance that had happened some time before. His name was Jack Stoner, and he had skipped from the First National Bank with a cool million in cash. It was not difficult to trace his journey, for he had not even used a phony name. He was believed to be living somewhere in Rio de Janeiro.

The chase could have been made by the regular federal agency, but I was chosen because of three reasons. The regular government force was short-handed, I was available for duty, and lastly, I knew my way about South America. I was duly appointed for special service to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. That same day I took a plane for Rio.

My first act, after my arrival in that beautiful city was to contact Miguel Rondo. Miguel was a tough and wiry individual, who had served me many times in the past. Miguel had a quick brain and a liking for American dollars. I told Miguel to stay around where I could contact him on a moment's notice.

It took some leg work to find Stoner, but by careful and persistent plugging I learned he was residing, as would befit a man worth a million dollars, in a swank hotel. I then called in Miguel. Before approaching Stoner I briefed Miguel on just what I wanted him to do.

I had studied Stoner's picture, so I decided that instead of announcing myself, I would wait in the lobby of the hotel for him to show up. I saw him meet a dark-

haired beauty in the lobby, and head for the dining room. Miguel looked him over when I pointed him out. He would know what to do. I went to him then.

Stoner could have chewed my ear for breaking in on what might have been a terrific evening. But he knew it had to come sometime. He left his table after excusing himself and went with me into the lobby.

"You haven't a leg to stand on, Douglas" he said icily. "Certainly I stole a million dollars!" Then he smiled and played his trump. "You should have looked up your law. There is no extradition treaty between the United States and Brazil!"

I wanted to bash in his face because he looked so smug. And he had left a young wife to take the brunt of his disgrace! But I said only: "You should have looked up the law yourself. A treaty has recently been signed between United States and Brazil, allowing extradition of criminals. Consider yourself under arrest, Stoner." The color blanched from his face. I went on: "I won't interrupt your dinner. My man . . ." I pointed to Miguel . . . "will watch you. Don't try to leave." I turned back to Stoner as I started away. "Too bad you didn't go to British Guiana. There's no treaty with that country." I left casually then, while Miguel stood about almost carelessly inattentive, within Stoner's line of vision.

I had already chartered the plane, so I was waiting at the airport in Georgetown, British Guiana, when Stoner alighted from the transport. That time I snapped the cuffs on his wrist. His jaw dropped and he snarled, "What's the idea?"

"You shouldn't have believed me, Stoner, about there being a treaty with Brazil. I lied to you. There still is none! But there is here!"

Stoner let out a yell that voiced his frustration as he saw his dreams evaporating. Tears began to stream down his face. He was sobbing like a baby, as I led him away to begin the long bitter trip back home.

WAITING WATCHFULLY,
DEATH STALKED THE
SHADOWS ON SILENT
FEET, WHILE I PLAYED
MY ROLE IN A DRAMA
OF DANGER, WHOSE
EVERY LINE WAS
STEEPED IN...

INTRIGUE



ON THE NIGHT OF THURSDAY,
THE 13TH OF OCTOBER, 1943,
A SMALL POWER CRAFT BAT-
TLED THE TIDES OF THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL. FOG SWIRLED ABOUT
THE VESSEL, AS SHE FELT HER
WAY THROUGH THE COLD
MURKY WATERS...

Don
Heck

THE BOAT'S NOSE SLID ALMOST NOISE-
LESSLY OVER THE SANDS AT THE FOOT
OF THE DOVER CLIFFS... A MAN'S
DEPARTURE WAS AS NOISELESS...



HIS ARRIVAL WAS A TOP DRAWER SECRET,
SEALED IN THE KREMLIN'S IVORY TOWER.
BUT **FREEDOM UNDERGROUND**
HAD KNOWN EVERY STEP FROM THE
MOMENT OF THE PLAN'S INCEPTION. THEY
HAD COACHED ME. AND I WAS READY
FOR HIM...

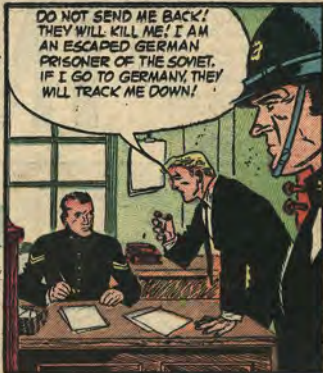




IS HE DEAD?

THAT'S NOT YOUR CONCERN. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM. YOU'D BETTER GET ON.

THAT NIGHT I, DUKE DOUGLAS, BECAME KURT BRANN, APPARENT REFUGEE FROM THE IRON CURTAIN. BY THE NEXT DAY I WAS IN LONDON, REPORTING TO THE POLICE...



DO NOT SEND ME BACK! THEY WILL KILL ME! I AM AN ESCAPED GERMAN PRISONER OF THE SOVIET. IF I GO TO GERMANY, THEY WILL TRACK ME DOWN!

THE REDS ANTICIPATED THAT THE PAPERS WOULD PLAY UP BRANN'S ESCAPE. THEY DID, AND THE NEWSPAPERS ALSO FOUND ME A PLACE TO BOARD, AT THE HOME OF A WIDOW NAMED MRS. CASHMANN...

ALTHOUGH I HAD GONE TO MY ROOM, I HAD LEFT MY DOOR OPEN, AND COULD NOT MISS WHAT WENT ON DOWNSTAIRS...



PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR ESCAPE, MR. BRANN.

I'M SORRY, MISS. I TRY TO FORGET.

FORGIVE BEATRICE, MR. BRANN. SHE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND!



HELLO, BEA, WILL YOU GO TO THE CINEMA WITH ME TONIGHT?

OH... I DON'T THINK I'LL BE INTERESTED, TOMMY!



IT'S THAT, THAT REFUGEE! EVER SINCE HE CAME HERE YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ME!

TOMMY, STOP IT, YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!



INSTRUCTION TO BRANN HAD BEEN TO OBTAIN WORK IN ONE OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL PLANTS AND WAIT FOR MY CONTACT TO FIND ME. HE CAME ONE NOON HOUR...

IS YOUR NAME EDGAR?

NO, IT IS BRANN, KURT BRANN.



ANY QUESTIONS, BRANN?

NO. EXCEPT, THE GIRL WHERE I LIVE SEEMS TO BE FALLING FOR ME.

GOOD, GOOD! KEEP HER ON A STRING, BRANN. A GIRL IN LOVE CAN BE AN IMPORTANT SERVANT TO OUR CAUSE! AT THE VERY LEAST, SHE WILL NOT SUSPECT YOU IF SHE LOVES YOU!

HMM. OKAY, JENNER!

I WANTED TO CHOKEN JENNER RIGHT THEN, BUT THE STAKES WERE TOO HIGH, THE END TOO IMPORTANT. AND SO THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY...

BEA, WOULD YOU CARE TO WALK WITH ME IN THE PARK?

OH, I'D LOVE TO, KURT!

IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS I MADE PROGRESS...

I MADE PROGRESS WITH BEATRICE BY MAKING LOVE TO HER...

AND WITH MYSELF BY USING MY WORKABLE KNOWLEDGE OF NUCLEAR PHYSICS TO CHANGE THE FORMULA SHEETS INTO WORTHLESS PIECES OF PAPER...

AND WITH THE COMRADES BY RECEIVING AND DELIVERING STOLEN FORMULAE...

TOWARD THE END OF 1950 I OVERHEARD SOMETHING ONE NIGHT THAT STRUCK HOME HARD. FIRST TOMMY HOLMES WAS DRAFTED. THEN...

BEA, THEY'RE SENDING ME TO A PLACE CALLED KOREA. YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU...

DON'T TOMMY PLEASE... I LOVE KURT AND I'M SURE HE LOVES ME.

IT WAS THEN I DECIDED TO MAKE THE BREAK. BUT BEFORE I COULD MANAGE IT, TOMMY HAD GONE TO WAR.

OH, KURT, YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST LEAVING? YOU'RE JUST WALKING OUT?...

TRY TO UNDERSTAND, BEA. I MUST BE NEARER MY WORK!... I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU.

THEREAFTER I SAW JUST ENOUGH OF BEATRICE CASHMAN TO KEEP HER FRIENDSHIP. OTHERWISE I WAS MAKING OUT FAMOUSLY...

OUR LEADERS ARE PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK, BRANN. YOU ARE NOW TO BE IN CHARGE OF OUR MEMBERSHIP RECORDS! THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB YOU COULD HAVE!

I'M HONORED, COMRADE!

I HAD CHARGE OF MEMBERSHIP RECORDS FOR ALMOST A YEAR BEFORE THE ROOF FELL IN FOR ME, MEANWHILE I SELDOM SAW BEATRICE CASHMAN, AND THUS DID NOT KNOW.



TOMMY! TOMMY, I READ THAT YOU WERE WOUNDED! OH, TOMMY, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK!

THEN IF YOU DO LOVE ME, BEA! DOES IT MEAN THAT YOU'LL MARRY ME?



IF YOU WANT ME, TOMMY! YOU SEE, KURT UNDERSTOOD ME BETTER THAN I DO MYSELF! I'LL TRY NOT TO BE A BURDEN TO YOU!

YOU, A BURDEN? DARLING, I'M SOUND AGAIN! I'VE BEEN PLACED IN INTELLIGENCE. QUITE AN HONOR.



IT WAS A FEW NIGHTS LATER THAT TIME AND FATE CAUGHT UP WITH ME IN A KNOCK SOUNDED AT MY DOOR...

SO, THIS IS THE MAN YOU CALL KURT BRANN, VENNER? I TELL YOU I TRAINED BRANN! THIS MAN IS A LIAR, AND AN IMPOSTER!

WHAT?



NO WONDER NONE OF THE STOLEN FORMULAS WERE WORKABLE! SEIZE HIM! KILL HIM!



ARE YOU WEAK? FINISH HIM OFF, BEFORE YOU BRING THE WHOLE BOARDING HOUSE HERE!



STRANGE INDEED ARE THE WORKINGS
OF FATE... FOR AT THAT MOMENT...



MY HEAD BEGAN TO CLEAR A LITTLE. SUDDENLY I REALIZED THE PAPERS WERE BETTER OFF BURNED. I WOULDN'T NEED A LIST. BESIDES I HAD BEEN TALKING ... SAVING WHAT? ...



YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU, BRANN? I SEE IT NOW! THESE PAPERS! YOU'RE A DIRTY COMMUNIST! A SPY!

I SAID, "LET'S GO!"



I OUGHT TO LEAVE YOU HERE TO BURN, BUT I WON'T. I'M TAKING YOU IN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU'RE ARRESTING ME, TOMMY?



AN ARREST WOULD BE ALL MY COMRADES COULD DESIRE. A COUPLE OF YEAR'S WORK WITH NOTHING TO SHOW BUT A CELL IN THE CLINK ... WHILE MY GOOD RED FRIENDS HIGH TAILED IT FOR SAFETY ...



I'LL HAVE TO COVER HIM OR WE'LL BOTH BURN!



THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO, BUT DUCK MY HEAD LOW AND PLOW THROUGH ...



WE TOO, THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

BUT

THANKS TO THE

Our Hair Grew Again!



DON NAGLE
Seattle, Washington

ELDON BEERBOWER
Portland, Oregon

FRANCES HARRIS
Seattle, Washington

AL LIEFSON
Tacoma, Washington

LOOK WHAT BRANDENFELS DID FOR US!

We Used His Scientific Home Course of Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage

- 1** DON NAGLE, ex-army sgt., shows how he looked before and during use of Brandenfels. He says, "As you can see, fine hair is filling in where it has been sparse for years."
- 2** ELTON BEERBOWER, drama student, shows he was totally bald. After use of Brandenfels, Eldon gets "crew cuts" now. Hopes for television career.
- 3** FRANCES HARRIS, overseas radio/telephone operator, proves her hair roots were alive and REGREW HAIR! Women, too, use Brandenfels' system successfully.
- 4** AL LIEFSON, grocery store owner, holding "before" picture. "My wife says I look years younger since my hair grew again."

DETAILED MEDICAL RECORDS SUPPORT THIS PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF HAIR GROWING AGAIN!

EXCLUSIVE! THESE FIRST PICTURES POSITIVELY PROVE HAIR ROOTS CAN BE ALIVE IN BALD SCALPS



(a)

Bald Men and Women Volunteered for Brandenfels' Clinical Research Project Conducted by Medical Doctors PICTURES (a) & (b) SHOW PROCEDURE USED IN THE WORLD'S FIRST RESEARCH PROJECT BENEATH THE SCALP!

- (a) SURGICAL INCISION—tissue section removed from scalp for microscopic analysis on the test group only. (b) MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH of tissue section PROVES hair roots CAN BE ALIVE but not producing hair!



(b)

BY CERTIFIED COUNT over 19,000 Letters of Praise from Brandenfels users report from one to all these Wonderful Benefits:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- Relief from Ugly Dandruff Scale
- Less Excessively Falling Hair
- Improved Scalp Conditions

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to grow new hair for not every user has grown new hair. He EMPHATICALLY BELIEVES his Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage will help bring about a more healthy scalp condition that in many cases helps nature grow hair.

DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER This NEW DISCOVERY plus SENSATIONAL RESULTS received by so many thousands of people offers YOU exciting new hope! If YOU have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, tight, itching scalp, rapidly receding hair line or baldness ... Send the Coupon to Me at Once! It may be possible for you to improve your condition NOW! (Airmail reaches me overnight at St. Helens, Oregon.)

Paratrooper GROWS HAIR!



"Nothing worked until I used Brandenfels"

Sgt. Matthew Jones
112 E. 7th Street
New York, New York

PHARMACEUTICALLY COMPOUNDED • EASY TO USE • FIVE WEEKS' SUPPLY • NON-STICKY • NON-ODOROUS • NO EMBARRASSMENT

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW! Carl Brandenfels, Box 796, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a five-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ Cash—I enclose \$15 plus 20% Federal Tax (\$3), total \$18 (will be shipped prepaid).
☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY. LAB-G-2



KURT! WHAT IS IT? IS IT TOMMY?

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT... I HOPE...



LISTEN TO ME, BEA. BRING TOMMY TO. THEN HAVE HIM CONTACT SCOTLAND YARD AS FAST AS HE CAN. HAVE HIM LEAD THEM TO THIS ADDRESS I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU!

YES, KURT, I'M READY!

I GAVE BEA THE ADDRESS OF THE COMMUNIST HEAD-QUARTERS, AND I SAW TOMMY BEGIN TO COME OUT OF THEN THINGS GREW FUZZY...



I LEARNED LATER THAT THE RAID TOMMY LED BECAME A FREE FOR ALL...



AND THAT THE ENTIRE ORGANIZATION OF SPIES WAS CAUGHT IN THE RAID. THE FILES WERE CONFISCATED IN THEIR ENTIRETY...



I WAS STILL RECUPERATING FROM MY BURNS, WHEN BEA AND TOMMY CALLED TO ANNOUNCE THEIR COMING MARRIAGE...



SORRY I'LL MISS THE WEDDING, BUT BEST OF LUCK, KIDS. AND WHAT'S THIS TOMMY? A NEW UNIFORM? A PROMOTION?

THAT'S RIGHT!

A PROMOTION AND A DECORATION FOR EXPOSING THE RED SPIES. WHEN ALL THE TIME IT WAS YOU WHO...

NONSENSE, MIGHTY LITTLE WOULD HAVE BEEN EXPOSED IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, TOMMY!

WELL, THE CHIEF IN WASHINGTON SEEMED SATISFIED WITH RESULTS, AND I MADE BUT ONE REQUEST: I TOLD THE CHIEF THAT THE NEXT TIME HE LOANED ME OUT TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY, THERE MUST BE NO TEEN-AGE GIRL ABOUT TO FALL IN LOVE WITH ME! OF COURSE, ONE A LITTLE OLDER...



OF THE THOUSAND WHO HAD WORKED THE SUMMER MONTHS, THERE WERE LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED OF US WHO WOULD STAY TO FACE THE LONG, COLD, ARTIC WINTER. WE WERE PREPARED FOR THE LONLINESS, BUT NOT FOR THE ARRIVAL OF A GIRL. AFTER THAT THE NIGHT BRED HATE...

COLD HATE



I'LL MURDER YOU, DANIELS!

I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED THIS COULD HAPPEN, BUT I KNOW IT DID, BECAUSE IT HAPPENED TO ME, JUST AS I WILL DETAIL IT TO YOU! NOTHING IS ADDED FOR DRAMA... I'M GIVING YOU ONLY THE COLD FACTS.



"WHEN THE MAIN CREW DEPARTED WE HAD BUILT THE ROAD UP AS FAR AS OUR CAMP, AND AFTER THAT MIKE OLIVER, THE FOREMAN, WAS DETERMINED TO KEEP THE JOB GOING AS LONG AS POSSIBLE. IT WAS 7:30 A.M. ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 4TH THAT I TOOK THE BULLDOZER OUT OF THE SHED AND STARTED FOR THE JOB WHEN..."



DON HECK

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

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SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

I
WATCHED
HOLDING
MY
BREATH,
AS THE
PIPER
CUB
SAT
DOWN
ON THE
ROUGH
SNOW
CRUST...



THEN I STARTED FOR THE LITTLE CRAFT.
IN MY RELIEF THAT THERE HADN'T BEEN
A WORSE WRECK, I EXPLODED ALOUD...

I OUGHTA
PIN THAT
GUY'S EARS
BACK!



THEN
I WAS
SET
BACK
ON MY
HEELS
AS A
BEAUTIFUL
BLONDE
POKED
HER
HEAD
OUT OF
THE
WRECK...

WELL, I'LL BE...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT,
MISS? ARE YOU
HURT?

PHYSICALLY?
NO.



BUT JUST
LOOK AT
MY PLANE!
IT'S RUINED!

JUST A COUPLE OF
MORE FEET THE WAY
YOU WERE GOING AND
YOU WOULDN'T BE
WORRYING! BUT...
WHAT THE DEVIL
BRINGS YOU HERE?
I DON'T SAVVY!



I GOT A TRUE FEELING OF LONELINESS
WHEN I LOOKED AT HER. "MY GOD," I
THOUGHT. "IT'S BEEN EIGHT MONTHS
SINCE I'VE SEEN A GIRL!" I'LL ADMIT I
BEGAN GETTING IDEAS, UNTIL SHE SAID...

I'M EVELYN BANCROFT.
MY FATHER IS SUPER-
INTENDANT HERE!

YOU'RE... THAT IS
YOU CAME TO SEE
YOUR FATHER?
BUT HE'S IN
JUNEAU!



I KNOW. I FLEW TO JUNEAU FROM
HOME... FROM SEATTLE. ON THE WAY
BACK, I HIT HEADWINDS I COULDN'T
BUCK. THEN MY COMPASS WENT OUT
OF ORDER. I HAVE NO RADIO.

I TURNED AROUND, LOST
JUNEAU, WHEN THE SKIES
CLEARED I CAUGHT THE
SUN AND THE MOUNTAINS.
AND I FLEW HERE BY
DEAD RECKONING WITH
VERY LITTLE GAS TO
SPARE!



FOR A MINUTE I STOOD IN AWE OF THIS GIRL... NOT OVER TWENTY... WHO HAD COME SO CLOSE TO DEATH, AND TOOK IT SO CALMLY. THEN I SAW HANK FERGUSON'S FACE. IT GAVE ME A COLD FEELING. I SAID TO MIKE OLIVER...

THIS IS TOM BANCROFT'S DAUGHTER, MIKE!

MIKE GREETED EVELYN BANCROFT PLEASANTLY, AND TOLD ME TO TAKE HER TO HER FATHER'S QUARTERS. I DID AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS THINKING OF THE LOOK ON FERGUSON'S FACE...

MISS BANCROFT... I WOULD... KEEP THIS DOOR LOCKED... AT ALL TIMES... PLEASE...

OH... REALLY? I'M SURE I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I KNEW HANK WAS DANGEROUS. HE ALREADY HAD A BAD RECORD TO BEGIN WITH, AND I COULD TELL FROM THE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE WHAT HE WAS THINKING AS HE WORKED THE STEAM SHOVEL. I KNEW TOO THAT EVELYN BANCROFT WAS TOO SURE OF HERSELF!

WHY'D SHE HAVE TO COME HERE? IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LIVE HERE FOR EIGHT MONTHS, ANYWAY... AND THEN TO SEE... HER!

I SWUNG THE BULLDOZER ABOUT AND DUG INTO THE SNOW. THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T SEE HOW FAR GONE HANK REALLY WAS...



AII-Y-YI!
O-W-W-W-W!

IT SHOOK ME UP A LITTLE, BUT I'M TOUGH! MOST OF ALL I WAS SORE. I CLIMBED UP BESIDE HANK AND I LET HIM HAVE BOTH BARRELS... VERBALLY, THAT IS...

LISTEN TO ME, HANK! I KNOW WHY YOU KNOCKED ME! I SAW YOUR FACE CHANGE WHEN SHE FIRST CAME HERE! SHE'S NOT FOR YOU, SEE!

WHY YOU @@@@!! LOUSE! I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO!



I SAW THE SAME EXPRESSION ON HANK'S FACE AT CHOW. IT BURNED ME UP AND THE WORST PART OF IT ALL WAS, I SUDDENLY KNEW WHY! I HAD IDEAS OF MY OWN! BUT THEY WERE DIFFERENT, I TOLD MYSELF...



THE WHOLE GANG WENT OVER. THERE'S NOT MUCH TO DO WITH YOUR DOUGH UP THERE. AND I NOTICED EVEN HANK WAS IN THE CROWD, BUT HE WASN'T PLAYING. I STARTED OFF EASY...



I THREW MY ROLL DOWN... ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS... AND DREW A FIVE. I BIT MY LIP AND THOUGHT: I'VE GOT TO LOSE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! AND...



SEVEN! YOU LOSE, JACKIE BOY! I TOLD YOU I DON'T CARE WHOSE DOUGH I TAKE!

THAT DOES IT! I'M OUT!



I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, SO I GOT UP...

WHO'S GOING TO THE HALL? I'VE GOT A HUNDRED BUCKS TO SHOOT!

I'M ON, JACKIE. I DON'T CARE WHO'S MONEY I TAKE!



I WASN'T DOING TOO BADLY. THEN I NOTICED HANK TURN AWAY. I KNEW WHERE HE WAS GOING, AND I DECIDED I WAS GOING, TOO...



I EASED OUTSIDE AND MADE MY WAY TOWARD THE SUPER'S QUARTERS. AS I GOT TO IT I SAW THE DOOR WAS OPEN A CRACK. FROM INSIDE I THOUGHT I HEARD A STIFLED CRY. THEN THERE SEEMED TO BE SCUFFLING...



I BARGED IN WITHOUT KNOCKING. I HAD GUESSED RIGHT... I COULD FEEL THE BLOOD DRAIN FROM MY FACE.

YOU DIRTY RAT!

HANK TURNED. HE WAS A WILD MAN...

I'LL KILL YOU, DANIELS!

I CAME ALL THE WAY UP FROM THE FLOOR!...

OH, MR... OH, JACK! I... I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE YOU... AND THEN... SOB... WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR...

LISTEN, EVELYN... DON'T TRUST US UP HERE... WE'VE BEEN LIVING LIKE THIS... TOO LONG! NOBODY IS SANE! NOBODY!

I DIDN'T MENTION THE PREVIOUS NIGHT TO HANK. HE WAS PRETTY GRIM AT BREAKFAST, BUT I FIGURED HE'D GET OVER IT ON THE JOB. WE GOT A GOOD START, BUT IT GREW BITTER DURING THE MORNING. IT LOOKED LIKE OUR LAST DAY'S ROAD WORK UNTIL SUMMER...

HANK... LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DIGGING TOO BLAMED FAR UNDER THAT ROCK SHELF! IF SHE GOES, SHE'LL TAKE YOU ALONG!

NUTS, MIKE! THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH DIRT THERE TO HOLD A DOZEN ROCKS LIKE THAT BABY!

THEN... THERE WAS A CLANG OF CHAIN, AND A SHIFT OF SHOVEL GEARS. NO ONE KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON UNTIL HANK STOPPED THE SCOOP DIRECTLY OVER MY HEAD...

HANK! FOR PETE'S SAKE, ARE YOU NUTS?

VEAH! AND SO ARE YOU! SO LONG YOU NO-GOOD #000!!

THEN SUDDENLY THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN
SEEMED TO GROAN...



IT WAS GRIMLY IRONICAL, THAT THE
DIRT BANK, ABOUT WHICH HANK HAD
BEEN SO SURE, HAD PREVENTED HIM
FROM COMMITTING A MURDER HE HAD
BEEN EQUALLY SURE OF PERFORMING.
IT WAS LATE IN THE DAY BEFORE WE
COULD GET HIS LIFELESS, BROKEN
BODY FROM THE WRECKAGE.



WE HAD
NOTIFIED
TOM BANCROFT
OF HIS
DAUGHTER'S
ARRIVAL
BY SHORT-
WAVE RADIO,
OUR ONLY
MEANS OF
COMMUNICATION
WITH THE
OUTSIDE
WORLD...
EXCEPT THE
MAILS. TOM
MADE A GOOD
DEAL OF ME
FOR WHAT I
HAD DONE FOR
EVELYN, THEN
THE NEXT DAY...

I DON'T KNOW
HOW I CAN EVER
THANK YOU, JACK!
GOODBYE!

GOOD-BYE,
EVELYN. GOOD-
BYE TOM.



I WATCHED THE PLANE UNTIL IT
WAS HIGH IN THE SKY. I HAD
NO MORE RIGHT TO GET IDEAS
THAN HANK HAD. TO EVELYN IT
HAD BEEN AN EXPERIENCE TO
TALK ABOUT OVER COCKTAILS.
HANK HAD HAD HIS FAULTS,
BUT SO HAVE WE
ALL. EVELYN
COULD HAVE
LOCKED HER
DOOR. SUDDENLY I FELT
ILL AND I
TURNED
BACK TO
THE BARRACKS
TO FACE THE LONELY WINTER.

DEDICATION



I dedicate this story to Nick Burns, who was my friend, and who lost his life serving his country. Nick was one of the finest operatives it has ever been my privilege to meet. He lost his life at the hands of one of the most slimy rats of all time, a man by the name of Wilton Armstrong.

The Armstrong case was one of the few State-side jobs I have had and I was recalled from London to New York to work on it. From New York I went to Rutherton, a city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants, where Wilton Armstrong lived and in which place he owned a huge manufacturing plant. Suspicion of Armstrong arose from the war in Korea, where shot-down Russian planes were found to contain parts manufactured by Armstrong.

Armstrong denied any knowledge that his products had been sold to the Soviet Union, and there was no proof that he did. My job was to find out whether or not Armstrong did have any association with the Reds. And I found out plenty, and most of what I learned came from Nick. You see, I told Nick what I wanted to know, and let him work things out himself. He solved the problem by becoming Armstrong's personal valet.

What Nick learned was revolting. Because, while it is doubtful that Wilton Armstrong had any love for the Reds as such, he was willing to work in their interests for the sole purpose of getting orders—through neutral countries—for his manufactures. Nick passed on the information to me, and in time a trap was set that would sew Armstrong up once and for all, for Armstrong had become the hub of a huge information clearing house, passing vital infor-

mation to the Reds. Armstrong lived in the Wilton Hotel, which he owned, and I had an apartment just opposite it. It was arranged between Nick and me, that when he gave me the signal by hand motion from the hotel suite, he had information for me, and I was to meet him within an hour at a small restaurant on the other side of town. On the day when things culminated Nick motioned to me about three in the afternoon. This, I knew, would be the payoff, because already Nick had told me that Armstrong had made arrangements to leave the country. He already had transferred most of his cash to another country.

I waited two hours for Nick, but he did not show up. Then I returned to my apartment and watched the window across the street. I saw Armstrong leave the hotel, and I hurried to the street. My car was waiting in front and I tore down the street, realizing that Armstrong was heading in the direction of the airport. It could mean . . . anything!

As I came to the airport, I saw his huge limousine pulling away. Armstrong was not in it. I knew a plane would stop in Rutherton on the way to New York within a half hour. I decided to risk an arrest, feeling that Nick would come through later with the testimony that would clinch our case against Armstrong.

I had just entered the terminal, when I heard a voice—Armstrong's—bellow: "Oh, no you don't, G-Men!" I saw him then, pulling an automatic from his pocket. He fired once, and a man folded. By that time I had my own .45 in my hand. Armstrong did not fire again. I got him in the neck. He was dead before he hit the floor. He fell partly on top of the man he had murdered. They lay beside a half dozen pieces of matched airplane luggage.

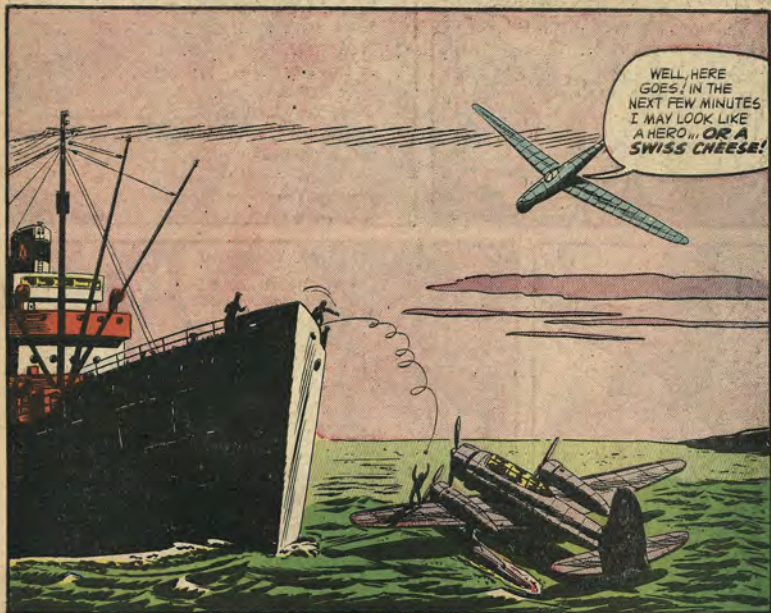
One man had not been hit. He was Bevans of the local detective force. He said: "The louse killed Newkirk! He must have gone berserk. We had nothing on him! We were just here on duty at the terminal and the trucker asked us to watch his luggage till he arrived. He's such a big shot!"

I already had a pen knife in my hands. I slit the luggage open. I half expected what I was going to find. And there it was—Nick's body, cut into pieces and packed. He had seen Nick signal me.

It was ironical, I thought, that it was Nick who trapped Armstrong anyway. Nick and Armstrong's guilty conscience.

IT WAS WHILE RECUPERATING FROM WOUNDS SUFFERED DURING A PRIOR ASSIGNMENT, THAT VIRGIL STAGG, U.S. GOVERNMENT SECRET OPERATIVE, WAS ORDERED TO TAKE CUSTODY OF THE SPY, JULIUS RUSS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE JOB INDEED, EXCEPT FOR THE ...

ESCAPE



FROM THE CITY IN MAINE, WHERE THE CAPTURE HAD BEEN MADE, ON DOWN ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD THE MILES ROLLED BY WITH DULL MONOTONY. VIRGIL STAGG AND HIS PRISONER HADN'T A THING IN COMMON, SAVE THE SINGLE PAIR OF HANDCUFFS THAT BOUND THEM TOGETHER ...





IT HAD TAKEN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES FOR THE TWO CONSPIRATORS TO ACCOMPLISH THEIR RUTHLESS WORK. WHEN THEY EMERGED FROM THE COMPARTMENT, ALL WAS QUIET...



THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN ABRUPTLY. EVEN BEFORE IT HAD STOPPED, THE THREE MEN HIT THE ROAD BED AND HURRIED TOWARD A WAITING CAR...



THE CAR ROARED OFF INTO THE BLACKNESS, WOUND UP AT THE EDGE OF THE BAY, WHERE A SKIFF WAS WAITING...



IT WAS PERFECT! WE WILL BE AT SEA BEFORE THEY REALLY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED.

THE POLICE WILL SET UP ROADBLOCK LOOKING FOR A CAR, PERHAPS TOMORROW THEY WILL FIND IT ABANDONED AT THE WATER'S EDGE!



BUT THERE HAD BEEN ONE UNEXPECTED WITNESS. VIRGIL STAGG, INSTEAD OF BEING DROWNED, HAD BEEN AWAKENED BY THE SHOCK OF STRIKING THE WATER...



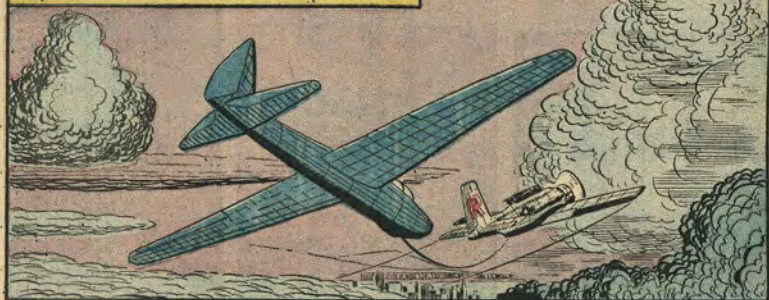
BUT THE SEAPLANE CAN'T TAKE 'EM WHERE THEY'RE GOING! THEY'LL HAVE TO CONTACT AN OCEAN-GOING SHIP! AND IT'S MOST LIKELY THE PORT OF EMBARKATION WILL BE **NEW YORK!** GOT TO GET TO A PHONE!



IT WAS ELEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN HE FOUND A SMALL DRUG STORE NOT FAR FROM THE WATERFRONT...



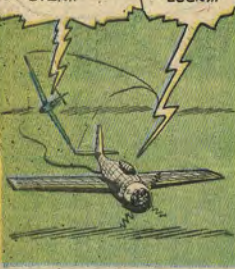
LESS THAN TWO HOURS LATER, AN ARMY PLANE ROSE FROM A NEW YORK AIRPORT. IN TOW A LIGHT, MOTOR-LESS CRAFT, A GLIDER, HOLDING A SINGLE PASSENGER...



SOME TIME LATER, ABOVE THE BLACK AND RESTLESS ATLANTIC...

GLIDER TO TOW SHIP, LINE CLEAR, SAILING FREE, OVER.

TOW SHIP TO GLIDER, ROGER, LUCK.



IT HAD NOT BEEN JUST HIT-OR-MISS. A CHECK OF VESSELS THAT HAD CLEARED NEW YORK SHOWED A RED-SATELLITE FREIGHTER HAD LEFT PORT AT NINE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT. SKILLFULLY THE PILOT MANEUVERED HIS CRAFT UPON CEASELESS CURRENTS OF AIR...



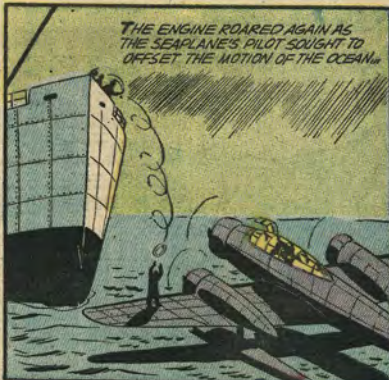
AT LAST A BLACK HULK SHOWED BLACKER AGAINST THE SEA...



AND A MOTOR ROARED AND WAS THROTTLED AS A SEAPLANE ALIGHTED UPON THE WAVES...



THE ENGINE ROARED AGAIN AS THE SEAPLANE'S PILOT SOUGHT TO OFFSET THE MOTION OF THE OCEAN...



SILENTLY, UNOBSERVED ABOVE THE MOTOR'S ROAR, THE LIGHT GLIDER SLIPPED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE FREIGHTER. SUDDENLY, IN A BLAST OF FIRE THAT TOOK THE CREW OF THE SHIP BY UTTER SURPRISE, THE GLIDER PILOT OPENED UP WITH A SUB-MACHINE GUN!!!

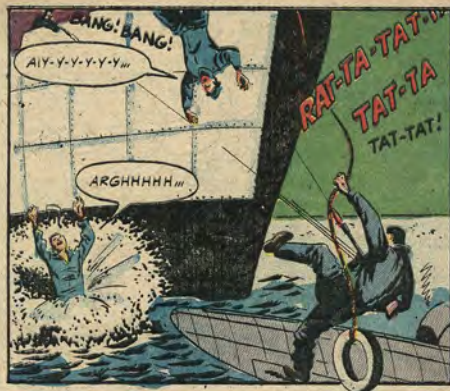


THEN!!! A CRASH LANDING!!!

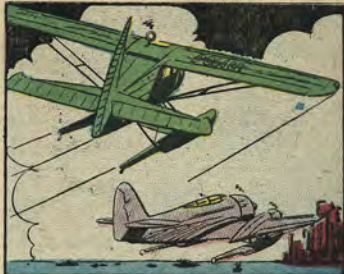


AND THEN!!! ATTACK, ONE MAN AGAINST A SHIP'S CREW!!!





SOME TIME LATER THEY REACHED NEW YORK HARBOUR. POLICE OF THE HARBOUR PATROL HAD BEEN ALERTED, WERE WATCHING FOR THEIR ARRIVAL. POLICE HYDROPLANES ESCORTED THE VAGRANT SEAPLANE TO A LANDING. IT WAS ALL OVER NOW BUT THE DETAILS...



ONE DETAIL, OF COURSE, BEING THE MEETING OF TWO BROTHERS, AT THE NEW YORK PRIVATE HOSPITAL OF DR. ROBERT MORRISON...



THE END.

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See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!

SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp, Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

I made \$21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them.
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- ☐ Sporting Equipment
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- ☐

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

(If for a club, give its name below.)

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be **LAST**
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
5 PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES
FREE

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coupon NOW!

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have
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at \$1.

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AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful
SKINNY
SHRIMP

Ken Grimm **BEFORE**
mailing
coupon

to
this

NEW MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE

HE-MAN!



NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
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You can do the same
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6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

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How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be buying Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U. S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count



above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject—mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

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